

May 1965

our bat-winged  
agent in the heavens—  
the U-2—is still

# MASTER SPY OF

heroic saga of the  
edge-of-space pilots who  
rub elbows with death  
almost every day—bringing  
back the aerial espionage  
that can spell the difference  
between life and death  
for the free world

BY MARV KOEPEL  
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FORMOSAN peasants looked up from their back-breaking labor on the edge of Gaifun air base on the outskirts of Taipei as a huge pair of wings roared low overhead. The unusually noisy jet engine thundered as the sound of its roar bounced off the mucky rice paddies.

Another one of the strange metal birds was taking off, one of the mayeegwawk birds that the peasants usually associated with the United States—the giver of all military weapons and equipment on the island governed by the Chiang Kai-shek. It was mid-September 1964 and the flight of this unmarked aircraft would write a prelude to history.

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